

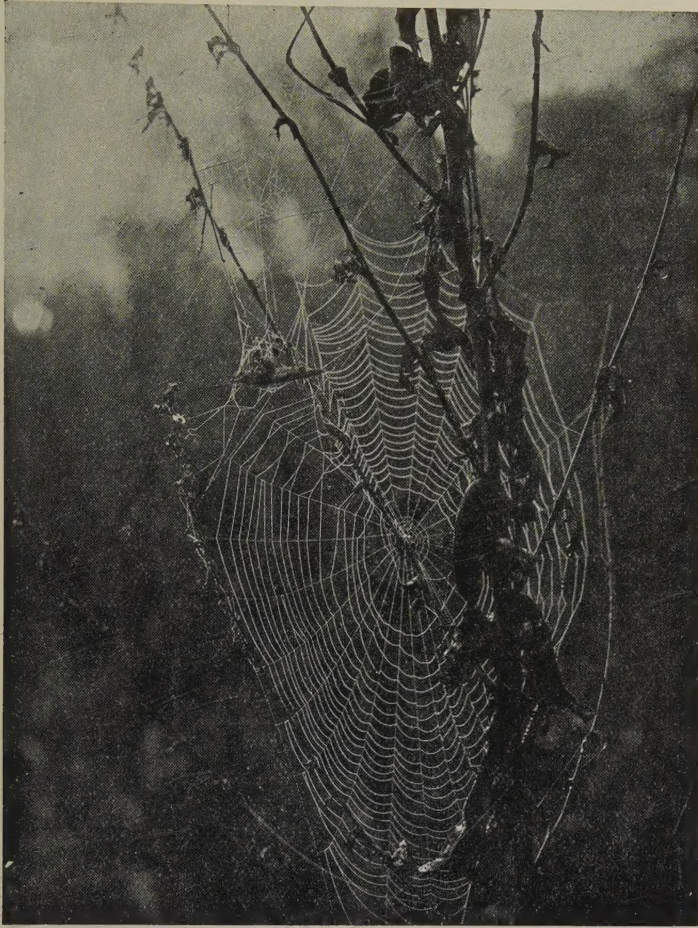
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 27

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL 7, 1918



Meadow Magic.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

A MAGIC thing is on the grass
In our wide meadow green.
At first, it's fairy lace spread out,
All fresh, and white, and clean.
And then this magic thing becomes
A queen's fine jeweled net

To sparkle on her golden hair,
With flashing diamonds. Yet,
When next I go to see those gems,
And through our meadow roam,
I find that magic thing's been changed
To just a spider's home.

Baled Paper.

BY LEON W. DEAN.

"WE'RE just no good," exclaimed Luke Cain in disgust; "we're just no good if we can't think up a way of earning some money. If all the country was like us, the Y. M. C. A. wouldn't have a red cent to show for its campaign. Come on, fellows, let's get our wits to moving."

"It's too late now anyway," volunteered one of the boys; "the campaign ends in four days, and we can't do anything in that time."

"Perhaps we can't," answered Luke, "but I guess they will be glad to get it any time. I tell you the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. is doing big things over there, and as a boys' club we ought to do our part. Bolton is a little place, but we can do something, and it all helps. If every

boys' club in the country would give fifty dollars, the total would amount to a lot."

"Fifty dollars!" put in some one. "You don't expect to raise fifty dollars, do you? I don't know where we could get fifty cents."

"Fifty dollars is a bunch of money, I know," replied Luke, "but we may as well set our mark high, and if we reach it there will be all the more to our credit."

Harvey Rivers, idly turning the pages of a magazine, suddenly came to a stop, his attention focused on a certain advertisement. Harvey was not the kind of a fellow who jumps blindly at conclusions. For a few minutes he sat deep in thought while the conversation went on about him. Then he spoke.

"Fellows, I've got it."

At his words, so calm and matter-of-fact, breaking in on their excitement, there was an instant silence.

"Here's the first contribution," he went on, tossing the magazine onto a table. "We'll get a paper presser. There is one advertised in there for ten dollars, and I happen to know that baled paper is now worth about fifty cents a hundred pounds. There's any amount of old magazines and newspapers around."

In a moment the meeting was all enthusiasm.

"We've got over ten dollars in the treasury," said some one. "Call the meeting to order, Luke, and let's appropriate enough to buy the machine."

Luke, enthusiastic as the others, promptly acted on the suggestion, and before they adjourned, not only was the appropriation voted and the order written, but a plan of procedure had been mapped out by which the twenty-four members of the club were divided into four groups of six each, one group to cover the town for paper one week, another group the next week, and so on for four weeks, when they would commence over again. It was now Wednesday, and they decided to put a notice in that week's issue of the local paper, stating why they were going to raise the money, how they were going to raise it, and that they would be around each Saturday for collecting.

That first week, Saturday, in order to get a good start, and because no one wanted to be absent at the first haul, they all took a hand. The result was astonishing. People with hardly an exception responded generously. Attics and cellars and closets were ransacked, and everything was forthcoming, from old legal documents, yellow with age, to the latest number of popular magazines.

At one place they hesitated some time before venturing in. An old lady lived there, a sort of eccentric recluse from whom every one kept aloof, and who was regarded with a feeling of awe by all the younger children of the village. The boys could remember when they used to scurry by the gate on a run after dark. Finally mustering up courage to accept a curt dismissal, they went up the path and raised the old-fashioned knocker. The door was opened with a disconcerting promptness, but instead of harsh words they were greeted with a smile.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come, boys," she said. "Step right in. I had a boy once myself. He was killed fighting for his flag in the Civil War. I want to do what I can. I've picked up quite a lot of old magazines and newspapers, and if you will come around again next Saturday I will have some more."

The old lady's eagerness was nearly as great as the boys at their cries of surprise and delight when their eyes beheld pile after pile of old periodicals neatly tied into bundles and stacked in the hallway. To her inquiries as to where they were going to keep their machine and do the baling they replied that they were getting so much more stuff than they had expected that they hardly knew.

"Why don't you use my barn?" she sug-

gested. "It's big and dry, and no one will disturb you."

The boys looked at each other, then significantly at Luke. Luke's face was flushed, but he spoke up resolutely.

"Thank you, Mrs. Annes," he said; "it is very kind of you, and will be a big help, if you are sure we won't be in the way; we have been wishing that we had just such a place to use for our headquarters."

And in the report to the paper that week, thanking the people for their co-operation, there was a sentence which read: "We especially want to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mrs. Clyde Annes, who besides being this week's largest contributor has generously donated to us a building for our future headquarters."

This unexpected announcement brought forth not a little comment among the older people of the community, and many questions were asked the boys on their rounds the following Saturday, all of which they answered in support of their benefactress, declaring that she was not at all queer when you came to know her, even if she did live in an unpainted house behind locked doors and closed blinds, and that as for the unkept lawn they were going to see to it that the leaves and twigs were raked up and the grass mown.

"I tell you what," said one of the boys, "she may be odd, but she's been a friend to us and we're going to stick by her; maybe she would be different if people would treat her differently."

A few days later the baler arrived and the headquarters barn became a scene of feverish activity. Every night after school the boys labored industriously, and every night a few more bales were added to the row piled high along the side of the barn.

On Friday night they were treated to a fresh surprise. Luke Cain was passing the printing-office when the editor of the paper called him in.

"Luke," he said, "I've got quantities of back issues and all kinds of paper hanging around the shop here. If a few of you boys will come in to-morrow and help me clean up, you can have it. Some of it is worth more than ordinary scrap paper and you can bale that separately."

Even the truckman who carried their first consignment to the station would accept nothing for his services. There was over a ton of it, and the boys were jubilant.

"Who said we couldn't help this war along and do our part?" said Luke Cain a few days later when a check arrived for twelve dollars in payment for the first shipment.

Michael's Pets.

BY MRS. M. B. SCHILLING.

YOU may think a pig a queer pet, but if you were a lonely little Irish boy who hadn't been in this country very long, and didn't know the ways and games of American boys, you might be glad, as was Michael, of not only one but two cunning little white pigs for pets.

You see, Michael's father and mother were both dead, and he and Granny had left dear old Ireland and come in a great ship over to this wonderful country of ours to live with his uncle Larry.

Little Michael loved America, and was very proud to belong to the beautiful school where every morning he with the other pupils stood and gave the salute to the flag.

Of course the boys made fun of his funny talk. They called him Micky and Paddy, but he didn't mind that very much. Some day he hoped he would learn their games. Maybe they would ask him to play baseball, that wonderful American game. But now he was very lonely.

So you see when farmer Rooney, who had come from the "Ould Counthree" too, presented Granny with two cunning little white pigs, Michael was very happy. They looked exactly alike; the same pink noses, little blue eyes, and curly tails. But Michael could tell them apart.

He had named them Washington and Lincoln. He loved the names, because he had learned at school of those great and good men who had done so much for America. But no one, least of all the little pigs, knew that they owned such great names. They never waited to be called when Michael carried out their warm food, but would come galloping and squealing to the fence. He was sure they knew him, and it was nice to have even pigs glad to see him.

But if it takes a good deal to feed a growing boy, it takes twice as much to feed two growing pigs. There were scarcely ever any scraps left from the table, and even skim milk and ground corn cost a great deal. They were not getting as fat as they should.

"I'm afraid the piggies will have to go where they'll get more to eat," sighed Granny.

And one day when Michael came home from school his pets were gone—sold to a farmer living several miles out in the country. He felt very sad and lonesome. The only thing that helped was that now Washington and Lincoln would have plenty to eat.

That night Michael had strange dreams. He dreamed that the two pigs were walking about the yard, with funny little green Irish hats on, and squealing for something to eat. Finally he got awake. Off in the distance he could hear a familiar sound. Granny was sleeping soundly, but he slipped out of bed and in his pajamas ran out in the yard. It was a warm summer night, and the moon was shining brightly. Across the fields he could see two little white objects scurrying along and squealing shrilly. It was Washington and Lincoln. Michael opened the gate of the inclosure and the two tired little runaways ran in and with satisfied grunts sank happily down on the ground.

Michael slept late the next morning, but when Granny went out in the yard she could scarcely believe her eyes, to see Washington and Lincoln, with their noses stuck through the fence, waiting for something to eat. Of course she had to tell her neighbor, who had two boys, so when Michael came out he found a crowd admiring the two sleek little animals.

"And I always thought pigs were stupid," exclaimed Johnny Smith, "but these sure knew the way home."

"I s'pose Micky knows how to train pigs," said another.

"Do they have trained pigs over in Ireland, Mike?" asked Bobby Brown.

"American pigs are all right," declared Michael; "they're good enough for me."

Of course the two runaways had to be sent back to the farmer. But, "after all," concluded Michael, "they couldn't always stay little pigs, and big pigs weren't very nice." Then, too, he was getting acquainted with the boys and finding them just as friendly as the boys back in Ireland. And

one day, what do you think? He was asked to belong to a baseball team.

"Now I'm really an American," he told Granny.

Robin Songs.

EXERCISE FOR TWO CHILDREN.

BY VIVIEN MAY PARKER.

[Listen to the Robins. You will hear them say these things. Try to say them as the Robins do—in your clearest, sweetest voice. Make the *Merrilys* and *Cheerilys* just like Robin, if you can.]

The two Robins fly in.

FIRST ROBIN:

Wake up!—

We're awake—we're away.

Sing, dear—

Merrily! Merrily!

Spring here—

Verily! Verily!

Willingly

Work we to-day.

SECOND ROBIN:

Cheerily—cheerily,

Not ever wearily

Work we away!

Head under wing we keep

But for a little sleep—

Then cometh day.

Cheerily—cheerily,

Not ever wearily

Work we away!

TOGETHER:

Cheery we. Cheery we.

Cheer up! Cheer up!

The two Robins fly off.

The Woe-Waters of England.

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY.

ONE of the most curious natural phenomena in the world is the coming of the woe-water of England.

Years ago, when folklore and superstition held sway, the woe-water was looked upon as being very ominous, presaging some disaster. Early historians have referred to five woe-waters, the most famous of which was the Bourne of Croydon which broke forth several times just when England was having some political crisis.

The woe-water starts as a slender thread of silver, unnoticed and unheeded until very suddenly the small animals begin to hasten away from the region. Then the villagers become alarmed and hastily move their goods away to the uplands.

These woe-waters are known only in the chalk regions and always follow prolonged rains. The chalk becomes saturated with water and cannot hold any more. The underground strata are simply filled to a point of not being able to carry more, and such is the force of the water that the chalk beds burst upward at the places of least resistance.

Superstition soon made this a portent, especially when the worst floods always happen just before some great happening in English history. Among such happenings have been the restoration of Charles II, the plague of 1665, the coming of William of Orange, and the death of King Edward VI.



Silhouette by Vianna R. Knowlton.

"I WON'T! I WON'T! I WON'T!"

Molly and the Giant "I-Won't."

BY ANNIE ROGERS KNOWLTON.

"I WON'T! I won't! I won't!" Molly emphasized each exclamation with a dig of her heels into the soft meadow grass. She was leaning against a big bowlder, her face red and angry. Again her lips opened to repeat the words. Instead, she drew in her breath sharply and stared at the turf in front of her. On it was outlined the shadow of a man, but of such a very large man Molly could only gaze at it in speechless surprise.

"Don't call again. I'm big enough now," snarled a voice much more like that of a vexed child than of a very large man.

Molly glanced over her shoulder, and again stared without speaking. The big figure—for it was at least three or four times as big as any human being Molly had ever seen—shambled around the bowlder, and sat down in front of Molly. He was a very odd figure. Nothing about him seemed to have any relation to anything else. In one place was a hook without an eye, a knotted ribbon caught on a button. Bits of crumpled paper and cut scraps were scattered over his entire suit, while a bonnet many sizes too small was perched on the side of his uncombed hair that straggled onto his shoulders.

"Well," he exclaimed after a while, "what did you want me for?"

"I—want you?" stammered Molly. "I'm sure I never!"

"Oh, yes, you did!" he interrupted rudely. "You called me three times just now, and I don't know how many a little while ago. As every time you call adds a little to my size or my costume, I thought it about time to stop you."

"What do you mean?" gasped Molly, utterly bewildered. "And who are you?"

"Who am I? Well, of all foolish questions! Especially when you've been at me for nearly half an hour. Don't you recognize these?"

He pointed, as he spoke, to the folds of his clothing and the wrinkles in his flapping top boots. Scattered all through them were numberless bits of shining glass.

"Why, they're my beads!" exclaimed the child. "However did you get hold of them?"

"If you had picked them up when you

were told to, I shouldn't have. And I'm sure I wish you had. They're no use to me. Indeed they're a positive nuisance, for some of them have worked down inside my boots and hurt dreadfully when I step. Beads are horrid to step on!"

"Yes, that's what Mamma said," replied Molly, her face a bit grave as she remembered all Mamma had told her about the scattered beads she had so persistently refused to pick up; "but I can't see why you need to have them all over you. Why don't you shake them out of your boots? Anyway," her face settling into a frown again, "I just won't pick them up. I won't!"

She stopped aghast. Each time she uttered the words "I won't" the figure before her increased in size till now he was obliged to bend low as he sat before her in order to look into her face at all.

"Will you stop?" he growled. "I shall soon fill the entire landscape if you go on like that much longer."

"Why! Why! Why!" gasped Molly. "What have I done?"

"Do you truly mean to tell me you don't know?" snarled the giant, curiosity tempering his anger for a moment.

"Of course I don't!" snapped Molly, for her patience was also extremely tried.

"I'm the giant 'I-Won't.' Your own especial giant, for you alone have the power to make or unmake me."

"Are there many more like you?" queried Molly, for the thought of a host of such monstrous figures quite alarmed her.

"Millions," answered I-Won't, calmly.

Molly looked about her in sudden terror.

I-Won't laughed.

"You'll never see them," he explained, to relieve her anxiety. "They seldom show themselves to anybody, and never to any one to whom they do not belong."

"But what made you grow so big all of a sudden?" questioned Molly.

"Every time you speak my name it either doubles my size or adds to my costume. For instance, when you said to your dear mother, 'I won't pick up those beads,' why, all the beads flew to me and landed, as you see, in the folds of my costume. But when afterward you came out here and just repeated 'I won't' over and over, my size kept doubling till I thought just for once I'd show you what your naughty words

were doing and maybe you'd think it best to stop."

"But what if I shouldn't stop?" queried Molly, a sense of pure curiosity prompting the question.

"There have been people who persisted, even when they knew what they were doing," returned the giant, seriously. "At last, their own I-Won't filled the whole earth and crushed them. They had no room to move about in, nor even air to breathe."

"Do you mean their giant I-Won't killed them?" whispered Molly, in an awed tone.

"Call it their giant, if you want to," I-Won't answered. "It all came from themselves and their own disobedience."

"But," questioned Molly, this time very anxiously, "isn't there any way to make you smaller?"

"Oh, yes," and now I-Won't smiled beautifully; "but it isn't an easy task. To do it you have to go through the Valley of Repentance. Whatever you really accomplish there takes away from my costume or diminishes my size."

Molly hesitated, her eyes traveling slowly over the queer costume I-Won't wore.

"Yes," she admitted hesitatingly, "that is my sunbonnet that I wouldn't pick up, and the papers I left scattered about. The hook I wouldn't sew on, when Mamma asked me to, and oh, I wonder if my hair could have looked as badly as that when I told Mamma I wouldn't let her comb it again!"

"It certainly did," the giant responded.

Molly's face was a study. Shame and mortification struggled with obstinacy. At last, and quite suddenly, she broke out impetuously: "You poor old I-Won't! I don't know where the Valley of Repentance is, so I can't go there. But I will try to do better, and I am sorry, if that does any good."

Instantly I-Won't sprang to his feet, his form visibly smaller. But Molly had no time to remark upon it, for a sudden dizziness oppressed her, and she felt as though she were being whirled swiftly through the air. When she was able to open her eyes, she stood before a huge gate of dark iron work, very gloomy and forbidding, but above it were the words "The Valley of Repentance."

"How very queer! I wonder how I happened to get here."

"Didn't you say you were sorry?" The sweet voice seemed to come from beyond the gate.

"Yes, indeed, and I truly am," replied Molly, earnestly.

"That is the path to this valley," the voice continued. "Enter!"

The big gate swung open, and Molly found herself in a great, green meadow, bordered on the farther side by dense woods. Around her were multitudes of people, some crying softly, others with set lips, but all following where the finger of their guides pointed. For to each of the people in the valley a special guide was given, to point out exactly what to do. Molly's own guide was a sweet-faced spirit who made Molly think of the pictures of the Guiding Angel.

"What is your name?" asked Molly, as together they crossed the sunlit meadow, sweet with the perfume of flowers.

"Conscience," replied the spirit.

"I've heard of you," said Molly, "but why have I never seen you before?"

"In the world I am invisible. It is only in Repentance that you can meet me face to face."

"I'm glad I came," sighed Molly, contentedly. "Somehow, now I'm with you, I feel



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

113 QUARRY ST.,
ITHACA, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. Dr. Barker is our Sunday school teacher at our church. I am very fond of *The Beacon*, and like its stories and puzzles. I am thirteen years old, and I am also a Boy Scout, and our Sunday school teacher is a fine Scoutmaster. The Unitarian church of our Sunday school donated some of their Christmas money to the children in the poorhouse.

Our minister is Dr. Auer.

I will be proud to wear the Beacon Club button.

Sincerely yours,

ALEXANDRE E. ALEXANDER.

NEPONSET, MASS.,
9 Woodworth Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Neponset, Mass.

My minister's name is Dr. Cutter. He is a very nice old gentleman. Just lately he fell down and fractured his shoulder and he has had it in a sling ever since.

My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Whitmarsh. We are studying about Jesus now.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button.

Yours truly,

MURIEL LINCOLN.

all comfortable, kind of warm inside, you know."

"And yet," smiled Conscience, "I may give you very hard work to do."

"Never mind, if you will only stay with me and smile while I work. Do you know you have the most beautiful smile?" and Molly clasped her hands in delight. "Why, how funny!" she added to herself.

Unperceived by her, they had entered the wood, where, instead of finding long aisles of trees, as she had expected, she seemed to be standing in the sitting-room of her own home, the neglected beads scattered on the floor and over the rug. Molly glanced apprehensively at Conscience. The guide was looking gravely at the beads. With a hot blush of shame Molly dropped to her knees and began to gather them up, with eager fingers.

"Poor old I-Won't!" she exclaimed as the last bead dropped into the box. "Do you suppose he can walk more easily now?"

"I'm sure of it!" And Conscience smiled again, wonderfully, as she led Molly to the next neglected task.

Poor little Molly was pretty well tired out when at last, instead of coming upon more labor, she was unexpectedly ushered into a hall sparkling with light and a-quiver with music. She looked about for Conscience, but, though she could feel the approval of her smile still warm at her heart, the figure of her guide had vanished, and in her place stood a dainty little elf with smiling lips and bright, dancing eyes. As Molly gazed at him she seemed to feel a strange sense of familiarity.

"Who can you be?" she cried out at length.

"I was the giant I-Won't," laughed the elf,

"but now, because of your obedience to Conscience, I'm transformed to I-Will."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Molly. "I won't ever say 'I won't' again!" Then suddenly: "Why, I did say it! But it can't do any harm to use it that way? Can it?"

"No, indeed! In fact, you see it isn't really the words, so much as what you feel behind them. 'I won't do wrong' is just the same as saying 'I will do right,' don't you see?"

"Yes, yes," laughed Molly, "so I will say 'I won't' when it means 'I will,' and I won't say 'I will' when it means 'I won't.' How's that?"

"First rate!" And Molly, who had felt dizzy again, was astonished to open her eyes into her mother's face. She was in the meadow where she first met I-Won't.

"It did me good, darling, to know you came back and picked up the beads after all. I-Won't is a giant who would ruin your life, should he become too unmanageable."

"How did you know that, Mamma?" gasped Molly, in surprise. "Did you ever see him?"

"Surely, my darling, most of us do."

"And did you go through the Valley of Repentance?"

"Many times, sweetheart."

"Then you know all about it," with a sigh of content, "but are you sure my beads are all picked up?"

"Every one. Why?"

"Well, I can't understand quite how it all happened, but I know I'll never let I-Won't grow so big again!"

And she didn't.



8 WARREN SQUARE,
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—Our Sunday school class takes *The Beacon* every week, and we are interested in the Club, so that we want very much to become members.

We are using "The Story of Jesus" and are going to organize the class like the army, so instead of having a secretary we shall have a captain of the class, and a paymaster, elected by the boys.

We shall look forward to belonging to the Beacon Club.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN ANDERSON, NORMAN CRAIG, DONALD CRAIG, REGINALD WINCHESTER, WILLIAM BENNETT, MANLEY SIMONS, ROBERT MORSE.

Other new members of our Club are John Yagel Phillips, Detroit, Mich.; Ann Stratton, Concord, N.H.; Agnes Kimball, Keene, N.H.; Aileen Hatton, Lebanon, N.H.; Charles and Carrie May Holste, Elizabeth, N.J.; Jasper Burdett, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Florence Alford, Auburn, R.I.; Mildred and Frederick Avery, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miriam Marcy and Josephine Willis, Providence, R.I.

New members in Massachusetts are Lincoln Magee, Boston; Dorothea Fraser, Dorchester; Nathan M. Southwick, Jr., Leicester; Marian H. Pool, Ocean Bluff; Julia Neilson, Stow; Elizabeth A. Ledbury, Uxbridge.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA LIV.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 12, 4, 4, 3, 10, is a fruit.

My 1, 12, 6, 13, is on the head.

My 16, 17, 3, 16, 2, 8, is a kind of dress goods.

My 21, 19, 3, 3, is a toy that pleases girls.

My 5, 15, 14, 9, is done on Monday.

My 11, 6, 7, 6, 18, 13, 17, 21, is a girl's name.

My 5, 19, 20, 21, is a kind of fuel.

My whole is a bit of timely advice.

MARIAN C. WILSON.

ENIGMA LV.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 5, 6, 7, 14, is a dress.

My 8, 9, 10, 11, is a native of a foreign country.

My 1, 12, 3, 8, 4, is something we look through.

My 3, 14, 11, is an insect.

My 2, 13, 15, is a boy.

My 4, 3, 14, 15, is a fine particle of stone.

My 9, 6, 7, is an animal.

My 5, 13, 8, is what a soldier dreads.

My whole is a city and country across the water.

ELIZABETH LEDBURY.

TWISTED NAVY OFFICERS' RANKS.

1. Sgenni.
2. Tteennaliu—roinuj grdea.
3. Leuaetnint.
4. Ltenuianet cammrdeon.
5. Amrenodmc.
6. Niatpac.
7. Rrae dialamr.
8. Cive rmalaid.
9. Maadlri.
10. Aalirmd fo het Vyan.

E. HOFMAN.

HIDDEN THINGS TO EAT.

1. Why, cook, you know mamma said that I might have it.
2. Did you see that stuffed ape Arnold keeps in his window?
3. Was it a raw pea choked you so?
4. Do you want some of Mary's almond paste?
5. The club meets at Arthur Eaton's to-night.
6. Oh! come, let tennis go, and come.

The Mayflower.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25.

ENIGMA L.—The Long Distance Telephone Directory.

ENIGMA LI.—Letters from France.

TWISTED AUTHORS.—1. Holmes. 2. Cary. 3. Browning. 4. Lowell. 5. Shakespeare. 6. Whittier. 7. Scott. 8. Longfellow. 9. Dickens. 10. Tennyson.

SQUARE WORD.—J A M E S
A D O R E
M O O R E
E R R O R
S E E R S

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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